Supernatural, Lucifer/Gabriel/Michael, Hurricane by 30 Seconds To Mars

PG-13, because while it ends before they go further than kisses, we all know where it's going to end.

Oct. 19th, 2010 12:55 am (UTC)

Gabriel *knows*, to the seconds and minutes, when Lucifer is freed the first time.

He knows what that blast of power is, he knows the feeling of Lucifer's Grace erupting onto the Earth even miles and miles away.

He is drawn to Lucifer, like a moth to a flame.

He appears in the same room that Lucifer is in, and they exchange stares for a moment.

Lucifer is standing in a vessel that holds too much of himself back from Earth, and Gabriel can see where the seams on the human are too bright, and where the human will fall apart. For the human is a weak wall holding back a hurricane, and when Lucifer's power overwhelms him he will break.

(Sam Winchester is different. Gabriel carries the metaphor to where Sam is a giant jello wall that will bend and where Lucifer can part the jello where he needs to use his force against reality.

But then again, Gabriel may be overthinking things.)

Lucifer looks surprised to see him there, and then he is tilting his hands, and Gabriel wonders what he wants to do.

"Hey, Lucy," He says, and it's the wrong greeting, he sees it in Lucifer's eyes, but it ends the question in Lucifer's eyes.

"How long have you been away from Heaven?" Lucifer asks, and Gabriel shrugs.

"Long enough."

They are silent, examining each other, not saying everything that they have to say.

There is the sound of wind, and then Michael is there, in his own stolen vessel.

Gabriel looks at him, wonders if he should run, but no. Michael is staring at Lucifer, and Gabriel can see the naked fury there.

They won't fight without their proper vessels. But Gabriel knows that Michael has been building on this grief-driven rage for centuries, and here.

Here is Lucifer, smiling wryly as he crosses the distance to kiss Michael hard. "Missed you," He murmurs, and steps back.

Neither he nor Lucifer miss how Michael's arms went up, and almost drew Lucifer back to him.

Lucifer is looking at Michael again, and so misses how Michael clenches his hands into fists and keeps them at his sides. But Gabriel sees.

And he, he knows that he has no place here, to get between their ancient conflict, but what has he to lose, to interfere now? His family is already destroying itself (he felt Uriel die, he felt others die) and this...

Gabriel ignores what Lucifer and Michael are saying, and quietly puts Lucifer's hand on Michael's fist.

"Would you two suck it up already and admit that you love each other?" He quips, almost certain that he's going to be destroyed in the next few minutes.

There's silence.

Michael turns to face him, glaring, but Lucifer isn't looking nearly so murderous.

"You - Gabriel - " Michael is choking on his words. "You have *no right* - "

Gabriel looks at Lucifer, curious, and Lucifer finally smirks.

"You are repressed, Michael," He says. "And I believe that Gabriel has the right idea."

"*What* - "

But Lucifer is kissing him, hard, and it is much longer before he stops this time. And Michael's hands have found their ways to Lucifer's shoulders.

Gabriel steps back, after a moment, deciding that it's time to go.

He half turns, but then Lucifer has a hand on his wrist.

"Don't think you can run. You get to participate, Gabriel," Lucifer hisses. "As we have been long absent from Earth, and humans must have invented more ways of experiencing pleasure by now."

Gabriel swallows. Yeah. Okay. He wouldn't die, but they wouldn't let him get away with it.

He tries a weak grin. "Where do you want to start, then?"

Lucifer nods, pleased, and before Michael can raise another protest Lucifer is

kissing him again, not giving him a choice, and Gabriel still feels the touch of Lucifer's fingers on his wrist, hot like a brand.